

the plans, ²/₄ Marshall to
see Cockrell about the lay-out
of the lawn, directing my colored
boy about the trees he's to finish
trimming, and home in time to
cook something good for supper!

If I hadn't heard from
you Saturday in Dallas I should
be worried about you. Your
last letter was written Thursday
when you were in bed with
the flu. Poor lamb! And Thursday
was a long time ago.

Lyndon dearest, here's some-
thing that will probably interest
you. Do you remember I told
you about Victor McCrea,

Thursday Night

Lyndon, dearest -

Tonight I feel quite low -
which angers me - I can't bear
any ^{signs} of weakness and I love being
on the up-and-up. It's because
I've just come back from the gay,
commercial life to this semi-solitude.
If I'd arrived in the early morn-
ing and had a day's work to
do I would feel quite satisfied!
- (I quite know myself, Lyndon!)

Anyway, tomorrow I shall have
enough things to do - going to Shreveport
to see Soudal about finishing up

who has³ been a very dear friend of mine for about a year and whom I visited in Washington? He has left there and is with Raymond Buck, attorney, in Ft. Worth now. So of course he came over to see me, Sunday afternoon. We rode around a bit and then had some Tom Collins at the Shamrock and dinner in the White Room of the Adolphus... While we were in the Shamrock I told him that, as far as my simple mind can see at

present, I am⁴ in love with one Lyndon Johnson and that I may be married within the next year. (I really should have waited until after dinner - it was a most excellent dinner and we couldn't swallow a bite, but when I've something important to say I usually blurt it out.)

Everything turned out fine in the end after a good deal of talking, and I am so glad I told him because I don't think it would have been quite on the up-and-up for either of us three not to have, would

Thank you,⁶ my dearest.

The football game was quite fun. I saw people I hadn't seen since last year in school and had more fun laying eyes on the comrades of yesterday! In the third quarter it began to rain and we scrambled out and just as we got to the Baulty Building it began so hard that we ^{had to} ~~run~~ ⁱⁿ and ~~take~~ ^{take} refuge with the chickens for an hour or so... That night everybody was drunk in all Dallas, nearly. I had a date with Gordon and F.D.,

it, dear? ⁵ And Vic said there's bound to be some good in everything because now I'll quit fussing at him ~~about~~ when he drinks more than three!

So now I'm very relieved! Vic and I are still the best of friends ~~but~~ he understands how the situation is and nobody is hurt and everybody is more-or-less happy!

The New Dealers came today - or rather it was here waiting for me - and I'm so glad. It's most ^{attractive} ~~interesting~~ and fresh - I've already read a bit in it.

7
two good friends of mine
and Gene's who are all of
eighteen a piece but who
are very well-informed and
intelligent and glibly and
terrifically entertaining. We
had dinner at the Baker and
talked about life with a
capital L, and books, and
New York.

But here I am back
at the ménage with more
rivers to cross and jobs
to tackle and enthusiasm
at low ebb! (It will be back
tomorrow - I shall fetch it - and
so will energy and determination.)

8
But, heavens, how this
letter rattles on ad infinitum
ad nauseum and so inco-
herently too!

Finally, Helen, and all the
Crew family (I am their
adopted daughter) are wild
to meet you! They are all
very interested in what becomes
of me.

Listen, my lamb, you haven't
told me one more word about
QE and South Texas! Please, may
I hear? About your question, dear
- if you remember: I'm afraid not
Thanksgiving - it's so terribly close!
Please don't mind, will you not? I may
I have until January to decide. I love you,
London, Bird. I do love you so well now.